BY HAMILL AND WENRICH

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE LOVE LIKE THE WHITE FOLKS DO

PUBLISHED BY
Fred J. Hamill.
STEINWAY HALL CHICAGO

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE LOVE LIKE THE WHITE FOLKS DO

Words by FRED J HAMILL

Music by PERCY WENRICH

f

Miss Lu - lu Snow was a
He held her hand be -

p

gal, you know, In a class by her - self a - lone;
neath the stars, Whispered sweet noth - ings in her ear.

Al - ways look - ing for fame,
"Now if you was a man

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that was her game, As a read-er Lu - lu cer - tain - ly shone.
you'd hold my hand And tell me things I'd like to hear.

A big slob coon, Al-ways want-in' to spoon, Tried to
You're lov - in, coon, Al-ways want-in' to spoon, I've got

get her to be his wife. She gave him a haughty look then
to tell it right to you, Read a book by Lau-ra Jean or

closed up her book And whispered "Not on you're life; Tell me:
Bertha M. Clay, And make love like the white folks do. Tell me·

REFRAIN

Why dont you make love like the white folks do?_

Breathe in my ear._ that you'll be true;_

Don't call me hon - - ey, don't call me Lou, Slip a

ring on my fin - ger worth a hun-dred or two._ Ber-tha

Clay wrote a sto - ry, I know it was true, —

Lov - in' like that why don't you do? —

Your name is Bill so come out and coo — And

make love to me just like the white folks do. Why white folks do.

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